

## Betcha didn't know about the NEX warehouse ghost

By Phil Eakins



*Could Warehouse 130 really be haunted? Some folks have heard the unmistakable sound of heavy boots walking across the 120-year old building's second and third floors when no one else was around. One NEX employee has seen a shadow-like figure in a military uniform standing on a stairway leading to the third floor while another mentioned being tapped on the shoulder by something unseen. (Image courtesy of Phil Eakins.)*

How many of you have heard things that go bump – but not necessarily during the night? This little tale is quite true, believe it or not.

I was employed at the Navy Exchange for nearly seven years, hired initially as a warehouse worker in July 1995. During the tour inside Warehouse 130, I asked my co-workers what was located on the third deck. A ghost, they said. No one with me that day had actually seen the ghost, but I was told its footsteps could sometimes be heard pacing the floor. I assumed they were joking with me since I was the new guy, but I learned otherwise.

A few months later I was transferred to the Mini Mart as a stock clerk. One morning in mid-November I was alone on the second deck pulling stock when I heard footsteps. It sounded like someone walking up from the ground floor so I stopped to see who it could be. When no one appeared at the top of the stairs, I figured they must've turned around and was returning downstairs. I peered down the conveyor belt hatch to catch a glimpse of who it was. The footsteps stopped. No one could have walked through the area without being seen by me.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of heavy boots walking across the creaky floorboards of the third deck. I stopped for a minute and listened. Looking around, I noticed the lights on the third deck were not on, and no one could have walked to the second or third deck from either end of the warehouse undetected from my position.

I thought about heading upstairs to see who was walking around, but about two seconds later decided that wasn't one of my better ideas and I was satisfied just standing there looking at the ceiling and listening.

The footsteps began walking down the stairs from the third deck about 30 feet from where I was standing; I was looking directly at the staircase.

But no one was there.

The footsteps shifted again to the third deck for a few moments before stopping completely. Oddly enough, the incident didn't scare me.

The following year I moved to the Visual Merchandising department and made many trips to the storage area on the third deck – alone – but I never saw the ghost or heard its heavy footsteps again.